

A Congratulation on the Happy Discovery of the *Hellish* Fanatick Plot.

To the Tune of, *Now, now the Fight's done.*

1.
Come now let's Rejoyce,
And the City Bells ring,
And the Bonafires kindle,
Whilst unto the KING
We pay on our Knees
The grand Tribute that's due,
Of Thanks and Oblations,
Which now we renew,
For Mercies that we
Have received of late,
From Prudence and Justice
Diverting our Fate.

2.
The Curtain is drawn,
And the Clouds are dispers'd;
The PLOT's come to light,
That in darkness did Nest:
Jack Calvin's display'd
With his Colours in Grain,
And who were the Traytors
And Villains 'tis plain:
The Traps that they laid,
And the Snares that they set,
Have caught them at last
In their own silly Net:

3.
The Foreman himself,
That Off-spring of Hell,
In whose wicked Breast
All Treason doth dwell,
To the Tower is sent,
With his Triple Name,
Whilst the Triple-Tree groans
For his Carcass again,
And many Rogues more
Their Leader will follow
Unto the same Place,
Whilst we whoop and Hollow.

4.
The Libelling Tribe
Who so long have Reign'd,
And sowed Sedition,
Shall now be Arraign'd;
Their Shams and their Lies
Shall do them no good,
When they come to the Tree,
There's no Shamming that Wood:
Jancway and Curtis
In the Forlorn Hope,
Then Vile, Smith and Care
Shall Neck the next Rope.

5.
So, so, let them dye
That would Monarchs destroy,
And spit all their Venom
Our Land to annoy:
If that their Pow'r were
To their Malice equal,
And their Courage the same,
They'd soon ruine all;
But their Courage is low,
And their Power but small;
Their Treason is High,
And must have a Fall.

6.
When Trojans of Old
(Our Ancestors) were
In danger of Shipwrack,
And toss'd here and there;
Great Neptune soon quell'd
Those Rebels and Storms,
With brandish'd Trident,
And free'd them from harms;
They fled from his Face,
Through the guilt of their Cause,
As these from our Lion,
If he stretch out his Paws.

7.
Go Devils, be gone
To the Region below,
Here's no business of yours,
Or ought left to do:
No Tempter we need,
We can act all our selves,
Without any help
From you silly Elves;
For what Presbyter Ails,
He thinks a disgrace
All Hell should out-doe him,
Or dare show their Face.

8.
For produce all the Ill
That Hell ever hatch'd,
'Tis nothing at all,
When it comes to be match'd
With what has been Plotted
By Traytors of late,
Who aim'd at the Ruine
Of Church, and of State:
By Perjury, Bribes,
By suborning all Evil,
By Murder, and worse
Than e're came from th' Devil.

9.
Now Presbyter come
And submit thy stiff Neck,
Thou labour'st in vain
Our great Monarch to check;
Whose Power Divine
No Mortals controul,
But hazard the loss
Of both Body and Soul:
Then banish for ever
Thou Commonwealth hope,
Which tends to destruction,
And ends with A ROPE!

EPILOGUE.
With Wine of all sorts
Let the Conduits run free,
And each true heart drink
The KING's Health on his Knee,
No Treason shall lodge
In our Breasts while we live,
To God, and to Cæsar
Their Due we will give;
We'll pray with our Hearts,
And fight with our Hands,
Against all Fanaticks,
When Great CHARLES Commands.